

THE CITIZEN

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor
JOHN K. TENER.
For Lieutenant Governor
JOHN M. REYNOLDS.
Secretary of Internal Affairs
HENRY HOUCK.
State Treasurer
CHAS. F. WRIGHT.
For Congress,
C. C. PRATT.
For State Senator,
WINFRED D. LEWIS.
COUNTY.
Representative,
H. C. JACKSON.

FARMING IN THE SCHOOLS.

The statement of the superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Board of Public Instruction relative to the plan to teach practical farming in the schools is printed in a conspicuous place in The Citizen today. We trust every man and woman with children—yes, and every man and woman that expects at some time to have any—will read it. There is much food for thought in Dr. SCHAEFFER'S short but simple presentation of the reasons for this effort to teach the essential facts about soils and crops to the boys and girls of Pennsylvania.

There is, we grant, some opposition to the farm course in High school—an opposition, we take it, that emanates principally from the boys and girls themselves. Some of the youngsters, as stated in a news item in one of last week's issues of The Citizen, feel that they would lose their standing as "cittified" people if they studied the work of the farmer at High school. What absolute bosh and nonsense! The farmer of today in most parts of the East is not much behind his city cousin when it comes to "cittified" appearance and conversation; and we all of us know that when these two minor qualifications for desirable citizenship are dismissed and attention is directed to the more vital topic of how to get a comfortable living and accumulate a decent anchor to windward that can be counted on for old age, the farmer is the one man who does not need to worry, fret, stew or borrow trouble over tomorrow's vicissitudes. The fellow willing and able to work at the only wholly independent occupation mankind has ever known is never going to be the fellow out of a job. No chance for any argument on that!

The cost of living is high. Not to be pessimistic or peevish about the matter, we may add that, though perhaps the rise will be but a temporary one, the price of eating meals and wearing clothes will be more before it is less. Here, then, is the most potent argument that can be adduced in support of the effort to teach farming—scientific, thorough, Twentieth century farming—to the boys and girls now halfway through those important formative teens. Not all of them have the mechanical ingenuity to learn the more skillful trades that pay \$3 or more for a day's labor; not all of them have the selling capacity to go on the road and earn \$125 a month disposing of goods to retailers or directly to consumers. Not all of them, again, have the physical qualifications to endure the close, confining work of shop or store or office, day in and year out, without nervous strain or even breakdown. But there is no man or woman in ordinary health and gifted with ordinary industry who cannot make a living in the country if he or she goes about the country job with the superior equipment of a thoroughly scientific training for the work of the field, the orchard and the garden. The wonder is that in times of industrial depression, when Tom, Dick and Harry cannot find an hour's occupation in the city, there is not a universal exodus to the country, where a man with no farm experience whatsoever can easily earn his bed and board and where the fellow with the farm training the schools are urged to install could speedily demonstrate his ability to earn much more than his bed and board.

The moral argument in favor of the farm is not so powerful in Wayne county, which contains no really wide open towns, as it is in Lackawanna and Luzerne, where city life in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, particularly the latter, is well supplied with temptations, but the economic and physical benefits would be as pronounced here as they would be anywhere. Thinking men in Wayne county have expressed an earnest desire for the agriculture course in High school. In this they are far-sighted and sensible. It is neither feasible nor desirable to suppose that the whole kit and boodle of our boys are to go to work in town industries or town stores, or that all of our girls are to marry town business men, neither is there any reasonable reason for the belief that all of them would be encouraged to the most advantageous lives by seeking city jobs in preference to country jobs. The nation needs more modern farms worked by trained, scientific farmers, and Pennsylvania, naturally a state of splendid agricultural possibilities, cannot afford to throw away the chance to provide for the ultimate independence of hundreds of her citizens.

TABER THEORY IS RIGHT.

CHARLES F. TABER, that active, cheerful young athlete who walked through Wayne county the other day on his way from a York state city to his home in Philadelphia, has the right idea of this tramping business. He is capable, he says, of hitting the pike at a good stiff jog of five miles an hour, and when he comes to a particularly accommodating stretch of road that runs through a commonplace landscape, unprovided with friendly farmers and other persons congenial to stop and talk with, the young man from the City of Brotherly Love puts on steam and whoops her up with real EDWARD PAYSON WESTON vigor for a couple of hours; but, ordinarily speaking, he is contented with a nominal gait of three miles an hour, seven or eight hours—seldom more—to the walking day. He rarely hurries, not even when hostile dogs pursue his well-seasoned heels. He knows better than to lose half the benefit of his overland hike by pushing against a stopwatch for any given distance.

"I'm walking for health, for pleasure, and to learn things," he said to the ubiquitous newspaperman when, on the piazza of a Honesdale hotel, the fellow who writes as well as walks for his bread butted in and commenced to ask questions. "I can gain nothing by getting up speed. I am not out for time or a wager. There is no money at stake on my performance. The money is all on the other side of the fence, for I tell you truthfully it costs me \$2 a day, sometimes \$3, to go through the country on foot. When I pick out a route I generally pick it through an interesting country, where I can learn something about the rocks and the birds and the best kind of crops to grow; and I stop a great many times to ask questions of the farmers and to take notes that I may some day need for reference.

"I take all the time I want. There are days when I get in 30 miles. There are others when I may not make 10. But I see things, and I try to remember what I see. And I aim to make as many friends as I can along the road, for some day I may take it into my head to walk that way again."

The head of MR. TABER, like his legs, is all to the practical. He picks up a splendid fund of information as well as a vigorous stock of health and an infinite quantity of pleasure on these shoeleather rambles that have taken him up and down the country, East and South and Middle West. He could make swift records between cities and get a large slice of newspaper notoriety, with dime museum and concert hall and lecture platform offers on the side, but he does not want that. He could earn money, probably, by wagers on his pedestrian journeys about the country, but the financial side of this walking game makes no appeal to him.

The TABER argument in advocacy of long distance walking is the logical argument. He is not out for notoriety or cash. He is tramping for physical and intellectual betterment—and when you see TABER and talk with him you realize he is gaining both. Mentally he is a much more improving citizen to know than the irascible and choleric WESTON, who has walked,

shouted, cussed and damned people all over the country for a half of a century, and who, despite the prodigious sums this unusual old man has earned by walking and lecturing, promptly goes broke the minute he strikes New York after one of his periodical performances for money, notoriety, and an opportunity to keep the name of EDWARD PAYSON WESTON forever in the limelight. He has been walking 50 years, five miles an hour, eight, 10 and 12 hours to the day, and physically there is no man on God's green earth more marvelous; but what real pleasure has he gotten out of the game—what permanent stimulus has the given to the growth of this very wholesome form of outdoor exercise? He has seen all the interesting and historic spots on Uncle Sam's part of this continent, but what can he tell you about them save the number of hours it took the only WESTON to get there? He has met more than 1,000,000 people, personally and in crowds that jumped on his toes, the way they did once in Cleveland, and who does he know that wants to hear WESTON howl and brag in his territory again? It seems a pity that so vast a flow of physical energy should be handicapped by so scanty an allowance of the brain and decency that is needed to dignify the walking pastime by gaining for it the approval of people who can see in it something more than a stipulated number of miles in a given number of hours. The walking clubs of the cities, of which there are more than there were before the WESTON walk from Portland to Chicago in 1907 started afresh the craze for country tramping, will be wise if they emulate the saner TABER example and walk 25 miles in a day for pleasure and observation instead of 40 miles for a record and a bodyfull of strained, complaining tendons and ligaments.

The cities of Detroit and Milwaukee were almost equal in population 10 years ago—285,704 for the former and 285,315 for the latter. Now they stand 465,766 for Detroit, a gain of 63 per cent. in 10 years, and 373,857 for Milwaukee, a gain of 31 per cent. The Michigan city's record is rather remarkable, and is explained by the fact that the automobile manufacturing industry has largely centered there. That has flourished even more than beer brewing.—Springfield Republican.

So automobiles are to "make Detroit famous!"

They have started a "Charlie club" in Connecticut and it is really surprising the number of men of prominence who have already qualified. A few of the prominent members are CHARLES S. MELEN, CHARLES F. BROOKER, CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK, CHARLES M. JARVIS, CHARLES A. GOODWIN, CHARLES F. THAYER, CHARLES W. PICKETT and CHARLES E. SEARLES. Who can do as well for the Henrys and the Johns?—New Britain Herald.

Two big railroad men, two influential editors, three gilt-edged lawyers—including two that long to boss the state from Hartford after Jan. 1, 1911—and one man who has made the famous Berlin Iron Bridge company a tower of strength financially, offer a fine selection for president of the Connecticut Charlies. But, after all is said and done, for real warm weather enjoyment and diversion, we should vastly prefer to go out with the congenially simple Willie club of Honesdale than with the richer and more ponderous Charlie club of Connecticut.

GINGERSNAPS.

The county fair, with its big pumpkins and its tall corn and its pink lemonade and its pretty girls and all the other "cheerful trifles" that work together for good to make Wayne county fairs, is coming nearer.

In the opinion of a few married men as well as cynical old bachelors the tree salesman worth \$5,000 who is offering \$2,000, not less, to the woman willing to become his wife is paying \$1,999 to much. But he is old enough to know his own business!

An intelligent and rational woman discreetly holds her peace and listens, the way the Apostle once told all women to do, when topics that pertain only to the men are up for discussion. An ignorant, bullheaded woman, who feels cocksure she knows it all on every subject, including some that are as far from petticoat comprehension as the great dipper is from the private sewers in the river opposite Glen Dyberry, always insists on butting in, whatever the nature of the conversation, even though her opinions on the subject are not within hailing distance of the facts pertinent to the question at issue. If the dress fits, put it on.

And still there are bold, bad automobilists who insist on speeding up and down Main street at 20, 25 and 30 miles an hour, for all those conservative borough fathers have had boards stuck up at all the borough lines to notify the drivers in black and white that they must slow down to a safe and sane gait for 10 miles an hour!

Now listen, Bill. The mere fact that you own a buzz wagon that can skim the clay roads of most any Nebraska county at a mile a minute by no means proves you are making equal haste toward the fourth nomination you openly swear you don't want and which you are secretly laying all sorts of pipes and plans to capture. There's a man in Columbus, the busy town in the heart of Ohio, that has to be reckoned with in that little 1912 undertaking; and there's a connoisseur in a nearer state—a pivotal state—who may, probably will, be heard from two years from now, when you have business more important than buzz wagons and Chautauqua lectures at \$500 per and royalties on phonograph records of "The Crown of Thorns" and "The Prince of Peace" to engross your attention.

KEYSTONE PRESS.

The man who looks upon religion as foolishness is very likely to believe in a number of things that are much less creditable.—Butler Citizen.

Bryan's announced hostility to Gov. Harmon as a presidential candidate probably is Mr. Harmon's first assurance that he has a chance to win.—Erie Dispatch.

By all means let us have that school for waiters. After a man acquires a fortune from tips he finds it inconvenient to be an Ignoramus.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Things that possess a real sentimental value are worth a whole lot more to their possessor than things that possess merely a commercial value.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

The sound of the hammer is heard in Palmyra—but it's not that of the "knocker," for everybody is a booster down there just now. We refer to the tap-tap of the decorator tacking up bunting.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

They have direct legislation in Mexico. Diaz directs it, and it is made directly just as he orders, and without bothering the congress or any other except those who are murdered, robbed or banished.—Franklin News.

The Wall street financial journals have been complaining of the farmers of Kansas spending \$30,000,000 for automobiles. That is quite a hot pace for the farmer, but wait until the Grange picks out their brand of aeroplane, then you'll see the money fly.—Stroudsburg Jeffersonian.

A panic occurred at Narragansett Pier the other day when the constables raided a fashionable gambling resort and arrested a number of wealthy society women. The names of the women were not published because of the "shame and mortification" it would give their families. But the women did not care much about the shame of gambling, with them the shame was in being found out. In all probability, if the women had been wives of workingmen and farmers instead of wives of wealthy society men, no such consideration would have been shown them. But why under such circumstances should a distinction be made between the woman in a print dress and one in silk? If one is an offender so is the other, and no partiality ought to be displayed.—Bristol Courier.

With the tremendous increase in the use of the automobile and the incursion of the aeroplane into the field of transportation, much is being heard nowadays about the passing of the horse. But the horse is not "passing," let it be understood. He may be changing from one service to another, perhaps, but he is in as much demand as ever. And it is altogether likely that the quality of the horses raised in the future will be higher than the variety that heretofore has plodded in front of the white man's burden in field and highway. Motors may be adopted in country life, traction engines may be found in the field, where there will be plenty for them to do, and airships may soar above our heads with passengers and freight, but there is a fondness for the faithful horse that will abide with people wherever civilization maintains its sway.—Lancaster New Era.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

You have queried me in this town with your yarn about the youngest man in Honesdale at 53. There was a time when I cut some ice with the ladies because they never mistrusted I was that far along in life, but now it's all over. The other day I met one of them and she greeted me with, "Hello, 53; how are you today?" That's pretty tough. I admit I was born in 1857 and went

to work in 1873, but all the same I hate to have people subtract 1857 from 1910 and tell me the result out loud. It isn't a square deal.—Buel E. Dodge.

A trip to Pleasant Mount and return in one of those large touring cars is pleasure in the extreme.—Michael Kearney, Carbondale.

The Democrats in the center will have a Dutch ticket on their hands next election if they don't go slow. Too many Dutchmen on the ticket and all living in the center is not going to get Irish and American votes. Give the Dutch their share, but don't forget the Irish and the American Democrats and don't bunch them all in the center.—Ex-Commissioner John M. Rickard.

I am not a newspaperman, though I've sometimes sold papers and in that way got an idea of what people like to read. Let me ask one question: What good does it do for a local paper to fill its columns full with a lot of stuff that everybody in town knew about long before the paper went to press? The mission of a newspaper, as I understand it, is to print things people might not hear about without the help of that paper. I like to read a paper that tells me something I never knew before, not one which simply records knowledge I possessed at least as soon as the paper.—Frank W. Schuerholz.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It is a good thing Emerson Gamble is a good-natured man. He has had to take a whole lot of "kidding" on account of that newspaper story that told how he went up to Rock lake and spent so much of his time singing that he had no time left to catch those big, heavy bass he promised the courthouse people before he went away. That was a good story, all right, for it put people on to the vocal accomplishments of our friend Gamble. On the street the other day a lady stepped up to him and said, "Hello, Music! How did you make out up to Rock lake?" Some men would have got mad at that, but he stood for it. I guess he rather liked it.—Squire Smith.

Miss Mame Clark of Philadelphia is on an extended visit with relatives.

Dr. James Lynott of Scranton, who has been spending a short vacation with relatives here, has returned to Scranton.

Catarrh Germs

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An outfit consists of a bottle of HYOMEI, a hard rubber pocket inhaler and simple instructions for use. The inhaler will last a lifetime, but bear in mind if you need another bottle of HYOMEI you can get it at druggists for only 50c. at any time. Guaranteed to cure catarrh, croup and throat troubles, or money back. Trial samples of Hyomei free to readers of The Citizen. Address Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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